

The Enterprise.

A Family Newspaper, Devoted to Home Interests, Politics, Agriculture, Science, Art, Poetry, Etc.

VOLUME XVII.

WELLINGTON, LORAIN COUNTY, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1883.

NUMBER 10.

The Enterprise.

Published Every Wednesday

J. W. HOUGHTON.

Office, West Side of Public Square.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, six months, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, \$2.00.

One copy, three months, \$1.00.

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NEW ART GALLERY

A. S. GILSON.

Has taken the rooms over T. R. Herick's

grocery and fitted them up with all the

requisites for

Photographic Work in All its Branches

Sixteen years' experience enables him to

warrant first-class work.

Cards, \$2.00 per dozen.

Cabinets, \$4.00 per dozen.

An examination of styles and quality of

work is respectfully solicited.

Thoroughbred Stock for Sale.

11 head Dark Red Registered

Shorthorn Heifers, all coming in

this fall to a son of Imported

Waterloo Baronet. Also, 2 young

Shorthorn Bulls. Can be seen on

the premises, 2 1/2 miles south of

Wellington.

FRANK ECKELS.

SEWER PIPE

and

DRAIN TILE

BENNETT BROS.

Have added to their stock of Sewer

Pipe a large quantity of the vari-

ous sizes of Drain Tile, on which

they are prepared to make very

low prices for lots of 100 and up-

wards. Call and get prices; we

know we can save money for our

customers.

ELYRIA BUSINESS HOUSES.

MCCOLLUM & LINNELL.

Dealers in

Groceries, Groceries and Glassware

ELYRIA, OHIO.

C. PARSONS.

Shingles and Lath.

Manufacturer of Doors, Sash, Blinds, Mouldings,

etc. etc. etc. 101 North of Court.

Mill Street, Elyria, Ohio.

Baldwin, Lersch & Co.

Jobbers and Retailers of

Dry Goods, Notions & Carpets

No. 103 and 105 Broad Street,

Elyria, Ohio.

MANVILLE & BINGHAM

Elyria, Ohio.

Headquarters for Bargains in

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Strictly One Price for Cash.

WHEELING & LAKE ERIE RAILROAD

Cleveland & Marietta R.R.

From and after Oct. 15, 1883 until fur-

ther notice, trains on this road will pass

Wellington as follows:

GOING EAST.

Mixed No. 13..... 7:05 a.m.

Express " "..... 10:05 a.m.

Local " "..... 2:45 p.m.

Local Freight " "..... 7:05 p.m.

GOING WEST.

Express No. 2..... 7:05 a.m.

Mixed " "..... 10:40 a.m.

Local " "..... 4:40 p.m.

Local Freight " "..... 4:00 p.m.

CONNECTIONS.

Toledo—With all lines entering the city.

Freemont—With N. Y. & C. R. R.

BABY'S LETTER.

Now in this case you may believe

something more precious to me than gold:

for the crumpled scrap of paper there,

including a mass of red, black and

blue pencil over so cunningly.

There was a reason for it, and

there was not in vain did his babyhood

struggle to make himself understood.

A world of colors, and light, and sound.

Such as to infancy belong, don't you see.

He is just as sweet as a baby can be.

He is just as sweet as a baby can be.

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What was it?

The sentinel is wide

awake and upon his feet. Wife and

children have been startled from slum-

bers, grow white-faced and tremble.

Even the horses have raised their heads

and are peering into the night. There

was a single cry—the wild scream of a

human being suddenly terrified.

"It was nothing—nothing but the

howl of a wolf!" whispers the sentinel,

as he walks over to comfort wife and

children; and by and by all is quiet and

peaceful as before. The night grows

deeper—the stars fade—daylight breaks.

As the sun comes over the wagon moves

on its way and the rook and the crow

and the cotton-wood are left behind.

"Yes, it was the howl of some wolf

proving all!" whispers the sentinel to

himself as he walks beside his wagon

and cautiously scans the prairie.

Three hundred feet to the left is

coiled a snake, which darts its veno-

mous tongue at the rolling wagon. Half

a mile beyond lies the dead body of the

Blackfoot—swollen, distorted—a horri-

ble sight under the light of the morning

sun. Overhead circles three or four

hundred feet above the ground, and

through the grass come the lank, hun-

gry wolves to the feast. The wife

laughs, the children frolic, the husband

laughs, and all are happy and content.

The record of the serpents in the grass,

and he will never read it.—*Detroit Free*

Press.

Mr. Jones Enlists as Cook.

Mr. Jones has had quite an experi-

ence. It came suddenly, like the

toothache, and it left the same sort of

indelible impression. The truth is, he

has been acting as cook. At first he

thought he knew as much as a whole in-

teligence office, and he told Mrs. Jones

was going away for two weeks to visit

her sister at East Point.

"We must have a supply, Jephtha,"

she said in a ministerial sort of way.

"I have all I can do with the children

and the fall sewing, without doing any

cooking."

"Nonsense," retorted Jones; "supply

be damned! What a strange girl!"

He was talking to himself, and he

was talking to himself, and he was

talking to himself, and he was talk-

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himself, and he was talking to him-

self, and he was talking to himself,

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Constitutional Weakness.

A great many people seem to have

lost "the spirit of acquiescence" in the

decisions of the Supreme Court, which

are informed, and marks the law-abid-

ing citizen in this country. Mr. Samuel

R. Reed publishes a strong article vi-

vorously dissenting from Justice Brad-